MARVEL
PSR 33

WINICK

MANDRAKE

EXILES™

A SECOND FAREWELL

1 OF 2

HARRIS ★ FEISTER

SOME PLACE, SOME TIME.

Oh, *great*...

...we get stranded in a strange reality *all alone*, and we come face-to-face with *Wolverine* at his absolute *worst*?

I wonder if the other *Exiles* are having as much fun.

Can't imagine they are, Morph.

So what do we do?

Don't *move*. don't *shout*. Just keep looking him in the eye.

And try to stay *calm*...don't let him smell your fear.

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

Uh-oh.

What? What do you mean *"uh-oh"*? We didn't even *move!* Why with the "uh-oh"?

I think he's made a *decision* about us.

Get ready.

Yeah. I'm ready.

This is the Wolverine *very few* know of...

...the one recently escaped from the *"care"* of the Weapon X Program.

RAAAAAAARGH!

Weapon X captured him. Drugged him. Then *tore him apart* with experimentation and implantation.

What they gave birth to was *well beyond* their expectations.

They weren't even *aware* of what they were creating.

Little man-- you are just going to *have* to let us be on our *way!*

CRAASH!!

They wanted an *assassin.*

They created an unbridled *killing machine.*

SHUNK!

SHUNK!

Many of his captors *died* in his escape.

Now, he's "off the reservation" and living in the *wild.*

ARRRRGH!

But Wolverine's instincts have been skewed by the *torture* he's suffered.

He doesn't just kill in preservation or in defense. He doesn't just take down prey to *feed*.

CRACK!

He kills out of *madness*.

And deep, deep down...in the part of him that still remembers that he was once *human*...he kills in hope that his life will be *taken from him*.

ROOOWWWR!

Get your psychotic, hairy butt *away* from her!

BLAM!

Heather--you okay?

MORPH, LOOK OUT!

SHEEEEENK!

Morph?

Oh God...

...not again...

RAAAAAWWWWGGGHH!!

If Wolverine could remember who or what he was, he *might* be nervous.

KA RASH!

For at this moment, he'd realize that *Doctor Heather Hudson,* former Lieutenant Field Leader of Alpha Flight--

BLAM!

AAH!

SHAAAK!

--founding member of that government-funded organization--

RAARARRR!!

--one part politician, one part soldier, one part physician, and one part commander--

--is *much more* than she seems.

For in her *Sasquatch* form--

--the mythical creature come to *life*--

--Heather is also one *very* large part *animal*.

If Wolverine could remember who or what he was, he would know, on this day, that he isn't the *only* dangerous beast in the forest.

That's *it!* I think we've ***both*** had enough!

You're gonna go down--and you're gonna ***stay*** down!

And you have ***no idea*** how ***sorry*** I am!

KA-BLAAM!

WHHUUNP!

SHUNK! SHUNK!

AAAAIIEEE.

AA-AAH-AAHH!

SHU-WIP!

RRAAAARGH!

WHOOOSH!

Come on, Morph! We've got to get out of here, *fast!*

Sure thing... just need a minute to--*ha!*--pull myself *together.*

Brace yourself, Morph--this ride's about to get *bumpy*.

But why are we *running*? Why don't you just *leap* us the heck out of here?!

Because I'm *wounded*, Wolverine's got the *advantage*, and he's *fifty feet* behind us!

Oh yeah. So what are we gonna--

OW! Heather, what are you *doing*?

Hang on, Morph.

SHRIEK!

--just *hang on!*

AAAAAAAAAH!

GRRRRRRRR

SPLAAAASH!

:Ouch!:

You okay?

I *will* be in a couple of hours... my molecules are pretty flexible and .well, they can get split, but they need to *fuse* back together again.

Burns and radiation are worse. It's *complicated.*

Are you...

Heather-- oh my God!

He hit an *artery.*

Quick--can you make *surgical clamps?*

like this?

Yeah, good. Clamp it off

We need to stitch it up.

What we *didn't* need to do is jump a quarter of a mile on that slashed-up *drumstick* of yours!

Morph, we *had* to get away from him. He can't jump this distance. It'll take him at least an *hour* to get across.

Here, I need you to *sew* the artery closed. My hands are *too big* and if I turn back into human form, I'll be without my *rapid healing factor* and I'll *bleed* to death.

Use these *thin roots* as thread

Roots? Are you *nuts?*

It's *all* we've got. Besides, my skin's as tough as *corrugated metal* Start stitching.

LATER...

Thank you. You d d very well

Yeah? That was *disgusting.* Do you think you can walk?

Yeah, but I can t *jump.* And you're not strong enough to *fly* us, are you?

I could tough it out...

No, you should fly out on your *own.*

Wa t a second... I m not leaving you *alone* with ol' *badger-butt* high ta ling it over here to turn us into *veal chops!*

I'll stay and we can *fight* him off!

We'll ose We can t *both* outrun h m, and he's too *dangerous* in this state.

Heather! He'll cut you *apart!*

GO! I'm too heavy to carry and besides, you can find *reinforcements.* Wolverine isn't *impossible* to stop. we were just caught off guard!

I'll do what I *have* to do if he catches up with me.

Heather, I'm *not* leaving you.

I'll kill him...

...I've done it *before*.

Yeah?

Yes.

Well, I don't give a darn--I'm *not* leav ng you!

Fine... then we need a *plan*...

Morph, did you know that you have *no scent?* At least, I've never been able to *detect* one. On your world, did Wolverine ever say anything like that?

Oh yeah. He used to tell me that my "squishy, odorless bod" made him *nervous.* And that he couldn't *smell* me, either.

Good

WHUUMP!

I'm sorry, Morph...

...but I can't let him hurt you.

If he can't find you, he can't hurt you.

She's *Heather McDaniel Hudson.* Scientist. Medical physician. Super-being.

In her mid-twenties, after completing her medical training, she conducted a series of compelling research studies involving everything from *gene-splicing* to anthropological analysis of the human condition.

She was sought out by the some of the most renowned scientific minds in the *world*

But it was after Heather partic pated n a cancer research experiment invo ving *gamma rays* that her direction changed

Accidents happen...

and SASQUATCH was born.

This miracu ous event spurred Heather to join the fledg ng operation known as *Alpha Flight*.

They were building a *super-powered team* that would concentrate on Canad an interests. It sounded exciting and challenging. It wou d a ow her to util ze *all* of her talents at once

Her first project was *The Wild Man.*

Project Lazarus.

They had found a *madman* in the woods with enhanced mutant abilities...and they hoped to bring him back to *reality.*

It took a *whole month* to bring Logan out of his stupor but once he had regained his grip on humanity--

...he became an *asset.*

He became a *leader*

A *friend.*

A *lover.*

Within a year, they were *married.*

With *James Hudson* leading the charge, Logan and Heather built their *Alpha Flight*

But two years later,

Heather would *kill* the first man she ever loved

The remaining controllers of the Weapon X Program activated a *dormant chip* hidden in Logan's *adrenal gland.*

He went *insane.*

It was *Heather* who finally had to stop him.

She mourned him for *years.*

James Hudson brought her back from the brink. And helped her find a *new life* within the old.

But despite newFound joy, she *still* missed Logan.

He *haunted* her then...

...and still does *now.*

GRRRRRR

Maybe it's because at this moment, he's more *animal* than *man.*

Maybe it's because he can *sense* more than he can *think* or *feel.*

Because when this creature comes in close to *finish off* his prey...

...he *senses* something...

...that *halts* him in his tracks.

Logan...

But, then...she feels a *tingling* behind her eyes.

The same as it always is before the Exiles *teleport away.*

She's just so *thankful* for this one moment of *calm...*

...because if Logan had decided a second later to *attack...*

...she doesn't know *what* she would have done.

And that sits *quite well* with her.

END